Volume LXXIII CHICAGO, AUGUST 6, 1914 Number 23

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

RAIN AT TWILIGHT

There was a softness in the wind
  Like sweetness of the tongue
When care is hushed and grief is kind,
  And plaintive songs are sung.

The grassy valleys and the fells
  Beneath the misty skies
Grew full of dreams like asphodels
  In meads of paradise.

And gently as the thoughts of love
  Come homing to the breast,
The swallow and the mourning dove
  Each sought its sheltering nest,

Then like the finger of a friend
  Soft tapping on the pane
The swift drops fell, and day had end
  In mystery and rain.

The Craftsman. —*Edward Wilbur Mason.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIII. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1914 NUMBER 23

For Unity—Next Step Forward

The *California Christian Advocate,* organ of the thrifty and powerful Methodist denomination, in a recent issue has some sensible words concerning the expense of publishing a religious paper. It comments upon the absurdity of calling a deficit in a newspaper's annual account a "loss."

"It would," it said, "be just as good sense to declare that a church that expended $12,000 in efficient service for humanity last year had lost that sum. Neither the Church nor the State has a single educational institution in the country that can run one year on the income of its students. All of them must have money either provided by taxes or endowment funds in excess of that paid by the students."

It further urges that if the *Advocates* were expected to make money, it would be the duty of every Methodist editor to resign. It further argues that a dollar paper is more profitable than a two dollar and a half paper for the increased circulation more adequately fulfills the object of publication. There are two ways of increasing and sustaining the publication of a journal whether it be devoted to the breeding of calves or the development of human souls, the strengthening of character:

1. **By encouragement of money, than which no investment of capital can bring larger returns.**
2. **By the multiplication of readers.**

UNITY continues to quietly solicit funds from those who have and who believe, to complete its Endowment Fund of $30,000 and it grieves that the project has slowed down as it approaches completion. This keeps the whole fund in suspense.

But perhaps UNITY has not sufficiently kept before its friends the other means of re-enforcement, the multiplication of readers. If every reader who finds UNITY a source of strength, a thought provoker, a heart comforter, a source of soul food, would only seek and find one new subscriber it would double the usefulness of UNITY and double its revenue from subscribers.

Friends, let us get this last fifteen hundred dollars out of the way and out of our minds so that with the beginning of the next volume September the first, we can start out with a right good cheer on a campaign for doubling our subscription list. Think about it now when, for many of our readers, there is more time to act than after school and other work begin again.

We will be glad to send any number of sample copies in packages or singly, free for campaign purposes, to any subscriber asking for the same.

With the view of doubling our subscription list we will send to any new subscriber secured by a present reader UNITY for one year beginning September 1st for one dollar.

This is not lowering the price of our regular subscription, but it is offering a one dollar premium for new subscribers. This dollar can be put to the credit of the solicitor or of the solicited according to the wishes of the "old subscriber."

If every UNITY reader became also a UNITY agent to the extent at least of securing one new subscriber by the first of September, UNITY would double its potency and increase its joy of life.

Write to the Editor-in-Chief about this, addressing him until the 15th of September at Tower Hill, Wisconsin.

Springfield, Illinois, is one of the wettest of downstate cities. Rockford, Illinois, is one of the largest dry cities in the state. The *Rockford Star* in recent issue shows that Rockford has a larger percentage of children in schools, public and parochial, and that the increase of its population is more rapid. The large number of cities which are kept wet in the interest of trade and those who would promote "business prosperity" by the saloons will do well to take note of things at Rockford.

The Anti-Saloon League of the State of New York is offering $2,500 in prizes from $100 to $500 each for the best essay on "What the Approximately $20,000,000 of Revenue Received from the Liquor Traffic Under the Raines Excise Law Costs the People of New York State, Morally, Mentally, Physically, Financially and Industrially." Essays are limited to

five thousand words and must be typewritten, and the offer is open to any person residing in New York. Competition is to close October 1st. The research involved in this contest will be illuminating. The discoveries will be appalling.

It is reported that one hundred and nine Methodist pastors in the country are editing columns of temperance news and argument in their local newspapers. Here is a suggestion to other pastors. We have reason to believe that there is a vast number of local newspapers in country towns and county seats throughout this nation that would be glad to give regular space to the publication of temperance material if "copy" was only furnished, properly edited and sufficiently condensed to meet editorial standards and space. The fight with alcohol is a local fight. The battle is carried on in every hamlet and countryside and the ministers of religion and teachers of the young are the divinely appointed leaders in this Battle for Sobriety. In this army there must be non-commissioned as well as commissioned officers. Let the Corporals and Sergeants take their places in the line. Let every minister talk the project over with his local editor.

The July 11th issue of *The Inquirer* (London) might well be called the Joseph Chamberlain Number, so much of its space is given to the memory of the great Birmingham statesman, Joseph Chamberlain, who died on the second day of July. In addition to much editorial material the sermon of Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, delivered in the Old Meeting Church in Birmingham on the Sunday following his death, is published in full. Mr. Chamberlain was the son of a boot and shoe manufacturer, one of a large family of nine. His education, technically speaking, came to an end when he entered his father's business and for twenty years gave himself to the life of a business man. This career was rewarded with a degree of commercial success. From that time on he gave himself to public service, first for his beloved city of Birmingham and then for the larger political unit, the nation, which in his dreams was to become a mighty empire, a great federation of English speaking people including the United States. He said: "I have long since ceased to think or speak of the United States of America as a foreign power." Mr. Chamberlain was a Unitarian born and bred; he was proud of his ancestry and a loyal supporter to the end of his life of the Church of the Messiah of Birmingham, the traditions of which reach back to the heroic days of Joseph Priestley, one of the fathers of Unitarianism in England as well as one of the fathers of modern science. Speaking of his descent Mr. Chamberlain said:

> I am as proud as any baron may be of the title which he owes to the smile of a king, for I can claim descent from one of the 2,000 ejected ministers who, in the time of the Stuarts, left home and work and profit rather than accept the state-made creed which it sought to force on them.

Mr. Thomas, in the sermon alluded to, says:

> One thing his life seems to cry out with a clear voice to our modern social reformers and politicians: Do not be tyrannized over by catch-words; do not hug too closely to the pride of being consistent; be not afraid of changing your minds, or leaving your parties. See clearly what it is you mean, then give yourself to it with the ruthless abandonment and devotion that can shatter alliances, break associations, repudiate traditions, alienate friends, invent new programs, and construct new loyalties.

Such men may make mistakes. They often go wrong in their procedure, but they themselves are never wrong and they always make for righteousness. A search for truth and a devotion to service overrules the limitations of men and justifies the consecrated spirit.

The following ringing words were spoken on Columbus Day at the Cathedral in Chicago by the Auxiliary Bishop of the Archdiocese. Rev. A. J. McGavick's speech deserves wider circulation than was secured through the Roman Catholic organs. They are words that should be printed in illuminated texts, hung upon the walls of Sunday School rooms, distributed by Christian Endeavor's and Y. M. C. A.'s. Father McGavick, who is Resident Bishop at the Church of the Holy Angels, but one block removed from the Abraham Lincoln Centre, practices what he preaches. He is a persistent power for right living and clean politics in the neighborhood that respects him. His words and the life back of them indicate the vast common ground occupied by Protestants and Catholics, and if public spirited citizens and the true devotees of religion, both Catholic and Protestant, would spend their time and energy in cultivating this common ground instead of emphasizing their differences and tending up to the barbed wire fence that separates the one from the other, the kingdom of righteousness and sobriety, which is the Kingdom of God, would come more rapidly:

> "We owe to the state obedience. The state makes laws to preserve order; to secure to the people their rights, and such measure of liberty as there is in harmony with the liberty of all. It is our duty to obey these laws. We cannot, and must not, evade the laws of the state. A common view is that the laws of the state are merely human laws, and they have only a human sanction, and that in their violation there is nothing that might be concerned except detection and punishment. It is a false view. I say that the laws of the state, so far as they are just and harmonious with right reason, bind in conscience just the same as laws of the church, or nature, or the Ten Commandments. Religion is helpful to the state. It demands obedience to the state. Religion teaches that they who obey the state obey God. Eliminate God and the anarchist is right. Eliminate God and you have no argument against the anarchist. Eliminate God and there is no way to oppose anarchism except by the sword, and they who "live by the sword shall perish by the sword."
>
> "The great enemy of all states is moral deterioration. Most states perish from moral decay. The only true progress of the state is in sound, healthy, public morality. We make progress as men only when we are developing a purer, cleaner, nobler and more Christian manhood. The Ten Command-

ments and the Sermon on the Mount lie at the bottom of civilization; lie at the bottom of the progress of states. Our third duty is that we give to the state a pure, clean, upright, Christian life. The state asks that of us. It demands it in return for what it has given us. It gives us safety and protection in our rights, and freedom; and in return the state demands of us a clean, wholesome, Christian life. We should all give that to the state. The best citizen is the man who leads the best life; is the man who is pure, clean and temperate, who is honest and fair in his dealings, and just to his neighbor, and who fears God, and who is interested in everything that concerns the welfare of all. The man who lives for his country is just as great as the man who dies for it. I make this assertion, that the man who is selfish, who is dishonest, the man who puts comfort and convenience and pleasure above rectitude, and wealth above honesty, and power above justice, that man, I believe, is a traitor to his country, and belongs to the same class as Benedict Arnold. Treason to that which is right is not only treason to God, but it is treason to the state as well."

Mexico

The "Watchful Waiting" of President Wilson has been justified under circumstances most trying. The reports of American citizens being insulted, lives menaced, and the more aggravating knowledge on the part of high financiers, and the vigilant, ever nervous, and general querulous guardians of American "business," euphoniously called "prosperity," was irritating enough and exposed the attitude of President Wilson to the most insidious opposition, particularly when his actions were backed by all the precedents and established canons of international practice. Selfishness, cowardice and the conservative anxieties were all masked under the flaming banner that bore the magic word "HONOR!" "Honor!" and ever more "Honor!" is the conquering word in the council chambers of the nations. "The Flag!" "The Flag!" was the screaming cry from the sordid manipulators of other men's labor and life to the enthusiastic school boy and the sentimental "Leader of Society."

Through all this President Wilson held his Cabinet and Congress in the main true to his high policy of "Watchful Waiting," resting as he did in the thought that dire as the situation was, turbulent as are the affairs in Mexico, rendering uncertain foreign dollars and menacing the lives of foreigners, there would be no remedy for any of these dire ills in the mobilizing of armies, in the declaration of war, and the incidental slaughter of unnumbered lives of innocent Americans and unoffending Mexicans.

Of course the builders of battleships, their commanders, the manipulators of armies and the numbers who find the soldier's life intolerable in times of peace, were panting for excitement, chafing for an opportunity to show what they coud do. Those whose business is more or less directly connected with the industries of war; those who are clamoring for more preparedness and dying from the ennui that peace brings, hoped for war, at least for a declaration of war. Even the ministers of religion were numerous who declared "It is too late to have peace, we are losing time," and gentle-women exclaimed, (to quote the exact words of a representative of this class): "Of course I hate war. I am a peace woman, but if there is to be war let's have it good and quick and have it over with!" All these men and measures were offended by the maddening policy of Wilson, and probably their protests would have been irresistible had not light dawned from an unexpected quarter and the benignant messengers of the South, the "A B C" from the southern republics called for a halt of this war clamor, calmed the feverish pulse, put the militants at least on their good behavior long enough to see how powerful that pacific spirit might be; so we heard "It will do no harm to try! Nothing will come of it, but—etc."

It is too early to know what the action of the commissioners at Niagara did, much less to estimate the value of the same; but Huerta has gone and Villa seems to be going. War is passing but peace has not come. There is much yet to do. The ills of Mexico are deep-seated. Pugnacious people with blood recently barbaric boiling in their veins have to be tamed; but more than that, a vicious economic system, medieval in its nature, aristocratic and not democratic in its fundamentals, will have to be overcome. A new system of land ownership must be installed. Mexico must go to school to the Twentieth Century. It is now in the primary class of civilization. All the grammar grades, high school and university discipline and training is before it, and all this is for it if the belligerency of barbaric forces outside will keep hands off.

There is hope for Mexico, but not in war. Perhaps when the whole story of the United States' relation to Mexico during the Presidentiad (as Whitman would say) of Woodrow Wilson is told, it will appear clear that his Mexican triumph will be far and away the most conspicuous piece of prophetic statesmanship of the new diplomacy yet achieved in the history of nations.

This story is marred by the one lapse to conventional statesmanship. It may yet appear that even President Wilson and his advisers fell from their high prophetic ground when they consented to back up the empty honor of an insignificant subordinate who demanded the explosion of twenty-one blank cartridges at the hand of an outlaw whose representative character had been denied. Rather than to push that demand from Washington, the President and his Cabinet ought to have called home the man who presumed more than his office warranted.

Of course this "fall" of President Wilson brought forth promptly its crop of foolishness. The hysteric mobilization of the army, the dramatic maneuvering of the destructive monsters of the deep, the hurried opening of recruiting offices and the popular clamor

and excitement, half in earnest, half playful, for more soldiers, more guns, more battleships, and an unlimited draft on the treasury of the United States, are revelations of the undeveloped character of our national brain. The nation is scarcely out of its baby clothes; its actions were silly; its apprehensions were childish; but thanks to the "watchful waiting" of President Wilson not much came of it. We will be more sensible another time, and other nations more fettered by traditions will find it harder to play the fool, will be less liable to be caught in the toils of devilish war and more amenable to the guidance of the Angel of Peace.

WHEN THE CANNON BOOMS!

When the cannon booms,
When the snare drums rattle fiercely
And the feet of men in khaki hammer time on the pave,
It is easy to be brave;
It is easy to believe God is angry with the other man, our brother,
And has left the sword of Gideon in our wayward human hand
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the battle flags are fluttering and men are going mad
With the blind desire for glory,
Filled with visions grand and gory,
It is easy to assent
To the Corsican blasphemer's scoffing creed.
It is easy to believe God is with the big battalions,
Whether cherubim or hellions,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the primal love of fighting stirs the tiger in our blood,
And the fascinating smell
Of the sulphur fumes of hell
Rouses memories of the pit from which our human nature rose,
It is easy to forget,
God was not found in the earthquake, in the strong wind or the fire;
It is easy to forget how at last the prophet heard Him
As a still, small voice,
When the cannon booms.

When the cannon booms,
When the war lords strut and swagger
And the battleships are plowing for the bitter crop of death,
While the shouting rends the ear
Echoing from the empyrean,
It is difficult to hear
Through the din the Galilean
With His calm voice preaching peace on earth to men!
'Twill be easier to claim,
If we will, the Christian name,
To become as little children and be men of gentle will,
When the cannon booms, the cannon booms no more.

—*William Herbert Carruth.*

The Chinese National Conservation Bureau is considering reforestation at the headwaters of the Yellow River. The government report shows that this will ameliorate the torrents and cause a more regular flow from the now denuded uplands. It is acknowledged, however, that this reforestation may not have an appreciable effect within the lifetime of the present generation.

Liberia a Mission Field

Address by
FREDERICK STARR at A. M. E. Mass Meeting,
Quinn Chapel, Chicago, July 20, 1914.

I am glad to be with you tonight at this most interesting and important gathering. I did not realize, until I began to think of what I might say to you, that your mission work extends back for so many years. For almost a century you have been aiding the work of foreign missions. The work of the past has been richly rewarded; the work of the future must be generously maintained.

There are others here tonight who could have spoken to you more properly upon the subject which has been assigned to me than I can do. Dr. Rankin knows much more of the work of your church in the field of foreign missions than I; he and others, who have gathered here for this occasion, have been in Liberia and have seen as much of the black republic as I. When I was invited to speak to you it was with some hesitancy that I consented. I have come not because I can tell you what others might not say; I have come not because I know more about the subject; I have come only because I have been in Liberia and am interested in the country and in your work, and I have come more to show my good will than to enlighten or to instruct you or even to impel you to greater endeavor.

I find that you have about fifty missionaries in the foreign field; that you have workers in four different parts of the world working among your own people in these lands. You maintain missionaries in West Africa, in South Africa, in the West Indies and in South America. I was pleased to find that out of your fifty missionaries in foreign fields fifteen at least are in that little republic, which represents to the outside world as no other part of the globe does, your efforts in the direction of advancement and progress. I make an appeal to you for Liberia as a mission field. You have done well, you are doing well there, but I beg that you will not relax your efforts and that you will do even more heartily and even more generously in the future than you have done in the past. Think well of Liberia. Those in this audience know more of that country than the people in the audiences which I usually address. White men in the United States know far too little about that refuge of your people on the West coast of Africa, but I believe that every man and woman in this gathering knows something about the struggles and the efforts which your people are making in the dark continent, in that little republic. You remember its size, its population, its location. On the West coast of Africa, with about the area of the state of Ohio, it has a population composed of three totally different kinds of people. There are first the Americo-Liberians, descendants of those freedmen who went early from this country and persons who have gone in later years from America to settle in Africa, to help build up a negro republic. There is, secondly, in Liberia, along the coast, a population of native blacks, who have come into contact with the people of the outside world; they have served upon the vessels that sail up and down the west coast of Africa; they have learned something of English or of foreign languages and something of the ways of

the white man. In the third place, there are the natives of the interior; peoples who know nothing of the outside world; they rarely see a white man; they know no language except that of the little tribe to which they belong. These interior natives are of two classes. Some of them are Mohammedans, following the teachings of the Prophet; they have learned that there is one God, the same God whom you worship, but from a different point of view. Others are pagan natives; peoples who know no God; who worship fetishes, who know idols, who believe in witchcraft, who practice barbaric customs. Such is the population of the Black Republic. The civilized, Christian, English-speaking settlements are scattered along the coast and number twelve or fifteen thousand persons. There are thirty thousand of the coast natives knowing something of civilization and English. There are perhaps a million untouched and untaught "bush niggers" in the interior waiting for instruction and elevation, which must come from outside in some way or another. It is this country, Liberia, of which I speak as a mission field this evening.

You already have missionaries there—about fifteen of them. But you are not the only Christians who are at work. Seven different mission boards conduct labors in that country. Three of these missions are under white boards and employ white missionaries. Of the Pentecostal mission, I know little. It has one station at Cape Palmas; its missionaries, I believe, are white men; of its work I can say nothing further. A second white man's mission is that of the Lutheran Church. It is doing work in a large field. Muhlenburg is the center of its mission. Its excellent work is under the direction of white men. They have many stations out among the natives in the interior. It is their custom to pick out a central point and from that center to try to reach the people within a radius of fifty or seventy-five miles. At Muhlenburg they have a great school; in this school, besides religion and book learning, they aim to teach the boys and girls to use their hands in useful labor. The third white man's mission is under the Christian denomination and is conducted by the "Christian Woman's Board" of Indianapolis. It has one station only, at Schiefflin; there Emory Ross, with two white companions, is conducting a mission school and doing a good work among the people of the region. These three missions are under white direction and white management. There are two missions which are under the direction of white boards but which employ colored workers. These are the Protestant Episcopal and the Methodist Episcopal denominations. The largest mission work of the republic is in the hands of these two boards. The Protestant Episcopal church, with headquarters in New York, under its directorate of whites, conducts a remarkably interesting and worthy work in Liberia. It is widespread; it has its center in Monrovia but has local fields in many different parts of the republic; at its head is a colored bishop—Bishop Ferguson. It has done a great work among the pagans of the interior as well as among the Christian people of the coast; it conducts missions, too, among those black boys who serve upon the white man's ships, representing the Kru and Grebo peoples. The board of the Methodist Episcopal Church, directed by white men in this country, conducts a mission in Liberia, with Bishop Scott, a colored bishop, at its head. It, too, has a widely developed work, which centers at Monrovia, the capital of the republic. The College of West Africa is one of its important centers of usefulness. From Monrovia the Methodist Episcopal mission has extended its influence over the whole republic, and is doing a work which every one must honor. There remain in Liberia two missions conducted by black boards and by black missionaries. One of these is under the Baptist denomination and is known as the Lott Carey Convention. Lott Carey was one of the early settlers of Liberia. He was from Richmond; he was a black man of extraordinary talent, ability and power. You have heard his name. It is needless for me to tell this audience of his work. Faithful, honest, diligent, he was one of the most useful men in the early days of the colony in Liberia. Lott Carey was born a slave; he learned to read in this country; by industry and frugality he secured his freedom; when he went to Liberia it was as a pastor as well as colonist and he soon established a little Baptist church in that community. It is well that the Baptists today should name their work after that old settler, that noble black man, Lott Carey. The remaining work is yours. Work under your board of foreign and home missions for nearly one hundred years, has been conducted in West Africa; it began in 1817, as Dr. Rankin has told you, under Daniel Coker, and from that time onward, with periods of doubt and uncertainty, it has been continued. Your church has done its share to advance the people of that republic and today you have fifteen workers in different parts of Liberia with churches, schools and other helpful enterprises. Such then are the workers in the field. May they all work in harmony. The field is so large, there is so much to be done, that there is no reason for quarreling, for jealousy or for bickering between the different groups of workers. If all are impelled by right motives, there is no ground for jealousy, for back-biting, for looking at each other with dislike. There is work for all and I hope that always these seven missions will feel that they are co-operating with each other in a common effort for the good of the locality and community and the advancement of the church universal.

Let us for a moment look at the work, which your mission must do in Liberia. First you must work among the Christians, the Americo-Liberians of the coast settlements. They are not paupers; there are men among them who are wealthy—who have succeeded in business, who plan large things for themselves and for their republic. They do not come to you as beggars. Nor are they heathen. They do not ask you to support them nor to convert them. No, but you can help them. They need your aid. They have a larger field than they can occupy. They welcome your financial aid, and you owe it to them, though they are not begging as paupers for your help. They are asking for brotherly interest, that this great denomination shall sympathize in the work which they are doing and that you shall give your prayers, your advice, your help, your best men and women to assist them. Second, you must work among the natives, Mohammedan and pagan. That little population of twelve or fifteen thousand Christians cannot unaided lift and instruct a million savages. You must help them. Those natives must soon become the strength,

the muscle and the sinew of the nation. You must send your preachers and your teachers into the interior. Raise your churches, found your schools, and aid in developing character for a great nation. Third, it seems to me that even if you raised no churches, if you founded no schools, if you did nothing directly in the way of furthering Christian work among the Christian population, you have a duty towards Liberia. You still would owe your contributions, your missionaries, your help, your prayers to that field. The only part of the great African continent remaining in negro hands is Liberia. Its population is made up of people like you in skin, in hair, in blood. Even if you should not in your Christian work gain converts, even if you could not build a school, even if you could not in your reports show material results from your efforts, Liberia would still have a claim upon you. It would be your duty to give your money, your influence, your advice, your membership to help that people in its struggle to hold one fragment of the dark continent for your race and for its future.

If we can have ten years more of peace, I believe the Mexicans will come to be friendly with us. I cannot tolerate the thought of war with these people, looked at either from our viewpoint or theirs. Thousands of our soldiers would be killed by a people fully armed, incompetent in many warlike ways, but a people in a fighting state of mind. We all know that, psychologically, as between a man who is mentally in a state of war, you can shoot the latter through the heart, and before he falls he will kill his adversary, whereas the man who is mentally peaceful will quit with the slightest wound. Those people are excited; as we cow-punchers say, they are "on the prod." They have arms which they did not have until recently, and as long as their ammunition holds out they will make a desperate fight, and it will be a war of miserable reprisals. If we fight, it will be against a people who do not know civilized methods of war, and who can blame them for not understanding the absurd refinements of murder?

HON. WILLIAM KENT, *of California,*
In the House of Representatives.

"Overchurched" country towns are legion in the Middle West. It is a common thing for a town with three hundred or four hundred inhabitants to contain five or six churches, none of which is decently supported. For this reason an experiment being tried in Alma, Mo., a village with a population of 319, is of large interest. In Alma four congregations—Methodists, Presbyterian, Baptist and Christian—have united in a nonsectarian church, and have employed a minister to preach the Gospel with no sectarian bias. Persons who join the church are allowed their choice of procedures. Those who believe in immersion may be immersed, while others may choose the form of ceremony they prefer. Members of the church are not required to give up their allegiance to any other church, and if they leave Alma will be given "letters of recommendation" to the church they prefer.

The most impressive fact about the Alma experiment is that it was launched in December, 1912, and already five other Missouri towns have the same plan under consideration.

LEE SHIPPEY.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

BY

CHARLES EDWIN PERKINS

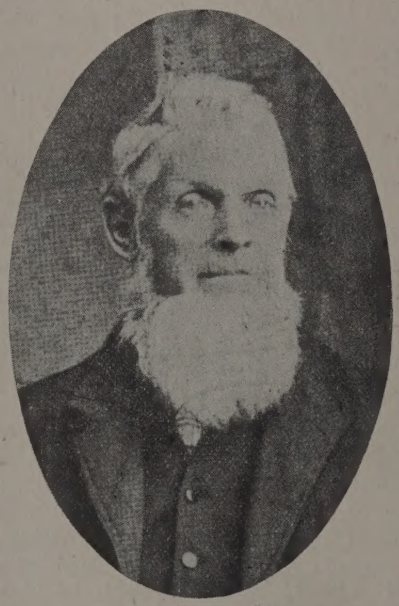
CHAPTER XV.

THE BROWNS IN KANSAS.

The Diary:

Dec. 29, 1856. This evening arrives my old friend, John Brown of Essex County, with his son, Owen. This is the famous Captain Brown. 31st. Dear Captain Brown and son leave us this noon.

The spring of 1855 found five of John Brown's sons on the soil of Kansas Territory, settled near each other and near their uncle, the husband of their father's half-sister, Rev. S. L. Adair. They were John, Jr.,



JASON BROWN.
Second Son of John Brown.

Jason, Owen, Frederick and Salmon. It was a long journey. The brothers had taken eleven head of fine cattle and three horses into the Territory, and Jason, who was an orchardist and vineyardist, carried fruit trees and grapevines. They had entered Kansas, like free State settlers in general, prepared to make their homes there.

Cholera was raging that season, and the little son of Jason fell sick and died on the way and was buried on Missouri soil. This was the first of many griefs that these strong, noble-hearted young men were destined to bear in their Kansas experience.

The place fixed upon for a settlement was a beautiful section of the Territory, a few miles from Osawatomie. Most of the settlers in the immediate vicinity were from the free states. The Browns had emigrated to Kansas practically unarmed, but events occurring very soon after their arrival impressed upon them the necessity of being prepared to defend themselves, the air being filled with threats from the Missourians to invade the Territory a second time to see that the acts of their fraudulent Legislature were enforced. Accordingly letters were written to the father, in North Elba, asking him to procure arms and forward them. John Brown procured the arms, but

instead of sending them brought them. A sixth son, Oliver, accompanied John Brown, and Henry Thompson, the son-in-law.

The first season in Kansas was marked by much sickness among the Browns, chills and fever prostrating the men and preventing the proper care and harvesting of their crops. But a more serious menace than the chills was the lawless actions of border ruffians and slave state partisans in the Territory. Armed squads of such persons rode here and there through the settlements, threatening and maltreating the free state people. Now and then a free state settler was found dead, murdered, sometimes with circumstances of the utmost atrociousness.[1] Homes were burned, crops destroyed and cattle and horses driven off.

It became necessary to meet these outrages with some kind of organization, and free settlers were enlisted and formed into companies. Arms and munitions were sent out by the Emigrant Aid Society in 1855, and another supply in the following October. In November a large force of Missourians came across the border and marched upon Lawrence. But for the preparedness of the free state men with their military companies the city would have been sacked at that time. As it was, the Missourians declined to risk a battle, and the "Wakarusa War," as it was called, was concluded without bloodshed and to the advantage of the free state people in another way, for Gov. Shannon agreed to send the Missourians out of the state and to cease attacking the free state men. Brown and his sons were in the Wakarusa War, prepared to fight.

The winter of 1855 and '56 was very severe, the mercury dropping to 28 and 29 degrees below zero, and many of the settlers suffered greatly. John Brown wrote to his wife and children in North Elba: "We have middling tough times (as some would call them) but have enough to eat and abundant reasons for the most unfeigned gratitude." Oliver and Owen both had frozen feet.

Early in January, 1856, the Territory was invaded by Jefferson Buford, who came all the way from Alabama with a large force, with the intent of cleaning the Territory of free state men. One of Buford's camps was close to Osawatomie. John Brown, getting out his surveying instruments, which he brought with him into the territory, and taking one of his sons, began running a line through Buford's camp. The Alabamians, supposing him to be in the employ of the Federal government, and therefore pro-slavery, talked freely with him, and he learned that it was planned to destroy the homes of the Browns, drive off their stock and treat in the same way all the settlers in the vicinity. He learned, further, upon inquiry, that certain pro-slavery settlers, whom they named, had posted them as to the location of the free State families.

A few nights later five of the men mentioned by the Alabamians as their aiders and abettors were put to death, being called, one after the other, to their doors, taken out and "executed." Of this more hereafter. Late in May occurred the sack of Lawrence, with accompaniments of murder. The Free State Hotel was destroyed and the equipment of the *Kansas Free State* newspaper.

The houses of Jason and John, Jr., were burned that fateful summer and everything destroyed. John Brown, Jr., possessed a good library which he had been accumulating for years and his cherished books went with the rest. John, Jr., and Jason were made prisoners and endured great hardships, those of the former, which will be related later, being particularly frightful, amounting to brutal torture.

All through the summer of 1856 the Browns were out with the free state militia endeavoring to protect the otherwise helpless settlers. John Brown was regularly appointed captain by the free state authorities. John, Jr., had raised a company, of which he was captain also. On the first of June occurred the battle of Black Jack, or Palmyra, in which Captain Pate, of the pro-slavery forces, was forced to surrender with twenty-three men after several hours' severe fighting, to John Brown with eight men. In the battle of Black Jack, Henry Thompson was badly wounded.

The settlements of Osawatomie and Franklin were burned late in the summer, and on the morning of the fight at the former place, Frederick Brown was killed by Missourians.

It was a year of terror, for although the engagements were skirmishes merely, as compared with battles in regular war, there was nowhere, among the northern settlers, any feeling of security save indeed in the presence or neighborhood of military bands, such as those with which the Browns were connected. Through all the disturbed condition of affairs the influence of the Federal troops was on the side of the "bogus" government, doing the will of the administration at Washington, which in the Kansas matters was controlled by Jefferson Davis, Franklin Pierce's Secretary of War. Notwithstanding all, however, the year closed with the advantage decidedly on the side of the free State forces, and it was the general belief among those best situated to judge, that John Brown and his brave family had contributed most to the defeat of the pro-slavery cause. When John Brown journeyed eastward toward the end of December, he bore with him letters from Robinson, the free state Governor, paying enthusiastic tribute to the services rendered by him and expressing the hope that he would continue to remain in Kansas, and to serve her people "during the war." Brown's errand East was to procure further sinews of war in the form of funds and arms. Stopping at Peterboro to visit his staunch friend, Gerrit Smith, he showed him Governor Robinson's letter, with an indorsement by Governor Chase of Ohio. After reading these documents Mr. Smith seized his pen and wrote the following:

Captain John Brown: Peterboro, Dec. 30, 1856.

You did not need to show me letters from Governor Chase and Governor Robinson to let me know who and what you are. I have known you many years, and have highly esteemed you as long as I have known you. I know your unshrinking bravery, your self-sacrificing benevolence, your devotion to the cause of freedom, and have long known them. May Heaven preserve your life and health, and prosper your noble purposes! GERRIT SMITH.[2]

1. As a single instance of the barbarism resorted to by the slave State partisans, the following is given, having met the eye of the writer in the old files of an Iowa newspaper while preparing this chapter:

"The body of a young man named Laban Parker of Kansas, formerly of Cleveland, was found 23d instant a short distance from Blue Springs, Kansas Territory, firmly tied to a tree by the roadside. His head above the left eye was pierced by a rifle ball and a hunting knife was sticking in his breast, to the handle of which was attached the following inscription: **Let those who are going to vote against slavery take warning.** He had been murdered by a gang of southern outlaws, as a company of armed men had been seen together near there some days before the body was discovered."—The Keosauqua "Republican," August 6, 1856.

2. F. B. Sanborn, "Life of John Brown."

THE POTTAWATOMIE EXECUTIONS.

The historians, some of them, speak of the deed as the Pottawatomie "Massacre." The tale shall be told and the reader may judge for himself which word is the more applicable, and the preliminary part of it shall be told in the words of John Brown, Jr. It was twenty-seven years after the event that John Brown's eldest son, then living at Put-in-Bay, Ohio, related it to a reporter of the Cleveland *Leader*. He said:

The men my father caused to be put to death were of the sort who infested the border during the Rebellion, or rather, until hunted out and summarily exterminated; men who would be found on their farms quietly at work during the day, but at night would mount their horses and ride 20 miles, saw the timbers of a railroad bridge, letting down to destruction not only our troops, but women and children to common death, and then ride back to their farms before morning light. The Doyles, Wilkinsons and Shermans were furnishing places of rendezvous and active aid to armed men, who had sworn to kill us and others. With the Browns it became a question as to which side (to use the western phrase) should first obtain the drop.

John Brown at this time was a member of his son's company. He proposed to take a small squad of men for some special scouting business. The newspaper article proceeds:

At first I questioned the wisdom of reducing our numbers, as we were near a superior force, but as he only asked for a few men no opposition was made. We aided him in his outfitting. I assisted in the sharpening of his navy cutlasses. James Townsley, who resided near Pottawatomie Creek, volunteered to return with his team, and offered to point out the abodes of such as he thought should be disposed of. No man of our entire number could fail to understand that a retaliatory blow would fall, yet when father and his little band departed they were saluted by all our men with a rousing cheer.

The work was done at night and very quietly. Led by Townsley the little party visited one after another the houses of the five men whom it had been determined by John Brown to put to death. The instruments of execution were the cutlasses mentioned. There were no intentional mutilations as reported, though the charge was credible by reason of the use of the swords. Rhodes, in his History, gives currency to the accusation, made at the time, that Brown with his own hands performed, or assisted in performing, the deeds. "It was said that on the next morning, when the old man raised his hands to heaven to ask a blessing, they were still stained with the dried blood of his victims." John Brown always denied that he struck a blow, and he was a truthful man. So that dramatic feature of the story must be abandoned. But although he did not himself lay hands on any of the men who were put to death, he commanded it and was responsible for it. This he admitted when asked.

The greater part of the members of John Brown's company disapproved of the deed. Jason Brown and Frederick Brown were shocked by it. Doubtless it was by many regarded with horror. John Brown declared that in causing the executions he was an instrument in the hand of God. Wendell Phillips said once that John Brown believed that he "held letters of marque from God."

What was the effect on the struggle for making Kansas free? It struck terror to the pro-slavery party. John Brown had been hated before. He was dreaded thereafter; dreaded and feared. His very name became a source of strength to the free state cause.

Was it justified? Was it right? The writer has asked himself this question: Admiring John Brown, regarding him as a hero, revering his character for its utter unselfishness and his faithfulness to the despised cause of the poor and helpless, would he be glad if this incident were not part of the record of Brown's life? He is forced to say that he would be glad, very glad. And that, for him, answers the question. The deed was not justified; was not right. The excuses for it are only excuses, and they are inadequate. The writer would say, in the words of Jason Brown to his father: "It was a bloody deed and was uncalled for and wicked."

Yet the man who was responsible for it was not a wicked man; not wicked, even, in in this instance. He believed what he said, that God had ordered it; that he was God's instrument.

In all Brown's stormy life the Pottawatomie executions are the only acts that need to be apologized for. Gerrit Smith never heard the story.

TORTURE OF JOHN BROWN, JR., BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

Col. E. V. Sumner was out with orders to disperse all armed forces, whether free state or slave state, which would have been good policy had the Federal government acted in good faith. John Brown, Jr.,'s, company obeyed orders and disbanded. The Missourians and other pro-slavery troopers made a feint at disbanding, but soon reassembled and acted as allies of the regulars. It was planned to arrest every free state man who had shown any activity in that cause. John Brown, Jr., and his brother Jason, among others, were put under arrest. After sundry adventures and narrow escapes from being murdered the two were turned over to Captain Walker of the U. S. cavalry. Walker was a southern man.

"He tied my arms back himself," said Brown, Jr., relating the experience in the Cleveland Leader; the article heretofore quoted, "in such a manner as to produce the most intense suffering. Giving the other end of the rope to a sergeant, I was placed a little in advance of the column headed by Captain Walker, and to avoid being trampled by the horses which had been ordered to trot, I was driven at this pace in the hot sun to Osawatomie, a distance of about nine miles. The rope had been tied so tightly as to stop circulation. Instead of loosening the rope when we arrived in camp, a mile south of town, no change was made in it through that day, all of the following night, nor until about noon the next day. By that time my arms and hands had swollen to nearly double size, and turned black as if mortified. On removal of the rope, which in consequence of the swelling had sunken deeply, a ring of the skin came off. The scar, slavery's bracelet, I still wear after 27 years."

HEAVEN.

"No man shall enter heaven," saith He,
The stern God of today,
"Until that heaven shall builded be
Both by and for humanity
In a strictly human way."

"No man shall stand outside," He saith,
The stern God of today;
"A brotherhood that compasseth
All men—this only answereth
This is a Christ-like way."

"For Christ-like love *is heaven,*" saith He
The true God of today,
"And love incarnate—this shall be
The Christ through all eternity,
This in a God-like way."

MARY STEBBINS SAVAGE.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Apocryphal Period of Jewish Literature

Hebrew Thought Meets Greek Culture

A Years Work

In the study of the Blank Leaf between the Old and New Testaments as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones in his Classes of Religion.

1913-1914

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothman

XXII.

Sibylline Oracles—Christian

Miss Meda Zarbell, Leader

Text: *"Be satisfied with what thou hast, and keep thyself from that which is another's.*

Book II, Line 65.

In our ordinary association of ideas these Pseudo-Sibyllines have nothing whatever to do with the Sibyls of Greece and Rome. The story of these ancient Sibyls seems perfectly complete without any mention of this strange child of theirs. However, this "strange child" is a direct product in an unbroken line of development, as complete as any development in natural history. One of the most interesting things about these books is the dual nationality behind them, having, so to speak, a Greek mother and a Hebrew father, from whom they inherit not only their literary form, but their thoughts and doctrines and even their influence.

On the Greek side it is easy to see what the original source of their ancestry must have been. Every country has had its sooth-sayers and fortune-tellers, and there is a certain type of mental abnormality which has often been mistaken for divine inspiration among ignorant people. Such manifestations often deceive the possessors of this abnormality quite as much as outsiders, and a certain amount of "demonstration" is possible even with perfect sincerity on all sides. But when they come to have a pecuniary value, the temptation to improve on facts is too much for human nature. In ancient times there were not lacking means for enhancing the dramatic aspects; and the priesthood was not slow to take advantage of them. Customs regarding the Sibyl seem to have differed from time to time and from place to place, and the accounts about them seem to be at great variance with each other. However, the name "Sibyl" finally came to be applied to a type of prophetess who spoke in a trance, unconscious when she returned to her normal state, of what she had said under "inspiration."

How neatly this guise would avoid troublesome explanations! The Sibyl also spoke in hexameters, and the poetic license of the verse would not only avoid the necessity for too direct statement, but would facilitate an ambiguous meaning by allowing greater freedom in sentence formation than would be possible in prose. Altogether it made a very flexible literary style whereby a thing that meant "yes" could be twisted around until it said "no." As this sort of thing is often as attractive to men of letters as to lawyers, there grew up a great quantity of home made oracles, which were said to have corrupted even the collection of Sibylline Books at Rome, and there was some effort made to eradicate these spurious portions. So the Greeks and Romans seem to have had a pseudopigrapha of their own, of purely literary productions ascribed to the Sibyls. However, in the Jewish Sibylline Oracles there is an admixture of Hebrew Apocalypse, with its strange animals and lurid visions, that looks foreign in its Greek dress. As a matter of fact the hexameters are said to be very poor Greek verse and the Sibyl has the loophole of an excuse (the Sibyls always have loopholes) that the scribes took down her words imperfectly.

The time represented in the writing of these books covers a period of about 400 years, from Macedonian times to the end of the third century A. D. In the course of this time various small collections were made and lines were added by way of explanation, embellishment or connection between the different parts. This sort of collecting and editing went on indiscriminately until some time in the sixth century, when eight of the books (divided, however, into fourteen books) were arranged in the form in which they have come down to us. Later other fragments have been discovered in the old libraries of Europe and have been added to this Sixth Century collection, so that now we have them numbered from Book I to Book XIV with Books IX and X missing. These two books may yet be unearthed from some dark corner, although it is possible that there are no missing books and that the discrepancy exists only in the arrangement of the material which we have. There are also a few fragments, parts quoted in other writings, which have as yet not been fitted into any of these books. These fragments may belong in the two lost books.

As to the thought contents of these books—the range of doctrine is greater than the extent of the time represented. It is hard to understand how such diverse elements could ever have come to inhabit the same work. The earliest passages are of heathen origin (notably Book IV, lines 478-81, and Book IV, lines 495-97) and perhaps embedded in the early parts as quotations. Many parts, especially of Book III, are typical of the period when such men as Philo tried to harmonize Greek and Hebrew thought and developed a highly spiritualized Judaism. There seems to have been an ever growing number of Gentiles—especially among the women, who were attracted by the essence of Juadaism and for whom the external observances were much relaxed if not entirely obliterated. Because of these proselytes, in a great measure, the practice of interpreting the old Scriptures symbolically grew more and more prevalent. The cleansing bath was substituted for circumcision, and by the time the later of the books was written the rite of baptism was an established ceremony of the Christians, and we can begin to see how such opposite views as Book III, 784, and Book VIII, 661, might develop.

This erosion of the externalities and conventions took place both in Greek and Jewish thought. These non-Palestinian communities of Jews and their Gentile adherents have been called the bridge between ancient Judaism and the Roman Empire, over which Christianity passed out into the world.

To a remarkable extent this book of the "Sibylline Oracles" typifies this bridge. In its twelve books are

represented the various stages in the development of doctrines from their original form in Old Testament times to elaborately developed legends and with an astounding accumulation of tradition. For instance, the doctrine of the chosen people occurs in this book in all its original simplicity; and then again we find it broadening out to include the good and great of all nations. (See Book II, line 45.) The hope of the Messiah changes in these pages from the military ruler and grows more spiritual. As it does so it requires more of the superhuman elements, and a great mass of additions become attached to it. The Messiah is made pre-existant—a part of the Godhead. His second coming is looked for, and with this idea comes a great wealth of legend about the "Last Day," the "Day of Judgment," "Day of Wrath," etc., when the powers of evil that have acquired complete control will be put to flight. The New Jerusalem will be rehabilitated and there will be a resurrection of the dead.

Not the least interesting fact about these books, from our point of view, is the influence they had on the early Christians. They accepted their writings at their face value and gratefully grasped at these *ex post facto* prophecies as proofs of Christianity. It seems very naive to accept the Sibyl, who was the mouthpiece of the polytheism which they condemned, as a valid witness for Christianity, but Justin Martyer, Augustine, Benedict and the rest find great comfort and support in the message of the Sibyl.

QUESTIONS.

(1) What were sibyls?

(2) How have these oracles typified the bridge between ancient Judaism and Roman Empire?

(3) Give illustrations of change in belief from earlier books to the later ones.

Book Notices

"A History of Japanese Mathematics. David Eugene Smith and Yoshio Mikami. Chicago, 1914. *The Open Court Publishing Co.*, 80 pp., vii. 288. Price, $3.00 net.

An exceedingly interesting work to the orientalist, the student of culture, history and the mathematician, is this history of Japanese mathematics. It is published by the *Open Court Co.*, which deserves much praise for its remarkable series of works relating to mathematics, of which this book may properly be considered a number. Much of the book is rather technical for the ordinary non-mathematical reader, but even it will interest him as showing the keenness and ingenuity of the Japanese mind. The authors recognize six periods in the history of Japanese mathematics—from the earliest ages to 552 A. D., from 552 to 1600, from 1600 to 1675, from 1675 to 1775, from 1775 to 1868, the year of Japan's revolution. The native Japanese mathematics is known by the name of "wasan," a recent term contrasting with "yosan"—wasan meaning Japan-mathematics, yosan meaning western mathematics. Real mathematics in Japan began in the second of these periods and was brought from China via Korea. With the fourth period the development received an interesting impulse through the teaching of Seki, whose name is perhaps the best known in the history of Japanese mathematical science. The wasan culminated in the fifth period, although it then began to feel the influence of yosan, through the Dutch traders. Since 1868 the mathematics of the West has practically supplanted and destroyed the old learning. Our authors present biographical data regarding the workers, discuss the interesting instruments used in Japanese calculation, show the methods of solving the world-famous problems—some of these being notably ingenious and unlike our own—and trace the steps of evolution of the science. An interesting fact, one which we find again and again, no matter in what special field of study we examine things Japanese, is sharply brought out in this treatment. It is the remarkable synchronous parallelism in development clearly independent in the two regions. The book is abundantly illustrated with curious and instructive pictures. In his final statement respecting wasan, among a variety of interesting observations, Prof. Smith says: "From the standard of opportunity Japan did remarkable work; from the standpoint of mathematical discovery that work was in every way inferior to that of the West. When, however, we come to execution it is like picking up a box of the real old red lacquer. In execution the work was exquisite in a way wholly unknown in the West. For patience, for the everlasting taking of pains, for ingenuity in untangling minute knots and thousands of them, the problem-solving of the Japanese and the working out of some of the series of the yenri ("circle principle") have never been equalled."

"Success with Hens." Robert Joos. Chicago, 1914. *Forbes & Co.* 16vo, pp. 234. Price, $1.00.

As a corollary to the "back to the land movement" is the "utilization of the back yard," an idea just now highly popular. *Forbes & Co.* are encouraging both the main proposition and the corollary by a series of handy volumes of which three have so far appeared—"The Back-yard Farmer," "Making the Farm Pay" and "Success with Hens." The last is by Robert Joos and is practical and useful. The matter was orginally printed as the poultry articles in one of the great dailies. This has led to simple and direct form, brief chapters and a seasonal arrangement. In fact, Mr. Joos takes the poultry raiser through the year, month by month, suggesting the advantages and dangers of each period as it comes. In such a development and mode of treatment there is considerable repetition, but in such a subject the real method of instruction is "line upon line, precept upon precept." The book is a good one for the beginner, whether he proposes to have only a small flock or to make his hens yield him a living. The advice throughout is good common-sense. Almost every conceivable point is brought out somewhere. In fact, the man who conducts a poultry column in a great newspaper has so many questions fired at him, that it would seem as if all the difficulties to be met by the novice must have been referred to him. FREDERICK STARR.

Why are there trees I never walk under but large and melodious thoughts descend upon me?

I think they hang there winter and summer on those trees and always drop fruit as I pass.

—*Walt Whitman.*

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDEMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO

Helps to High Living

SUN.—Alter? When the hills do.
Falter? When the sun
Question of his glory
Be the perfect one.

MON.—A narrow wind complains all day
How someone treated him;
Nature, like us, is sometimes caught
Without her diadem.

TUES.—I never saw a moor,
I never saw the sea;
Yet know I how the heathen looks,
And what a wave must be.
I never spoke with God,
Nor visited in heaven;
Yet certain am I of the spot
As if the chart were given.

WED.—He ate and drank the precious word,
His spirit grew robust;
He knew no more that he was poor,
Nor that his frame was dust.
He danced along the dingy days,
And this bequest of wings
Was but a book. What liberty
A loosened spirt brings!

THURS.—That such have died enables us
The tranquiller to die;
That such have lived, certificate
For immortality.

FRI.—Our share of night to bear,
Our share of morning,
Our blame in bliss to fill,
Our blame in scorning.
Here a star, and there a star,
Some lose their way.
Here a mist, and there a mist,
Afterwards—day!

SAT—God made a little gentian;
It tried to be a rose
And failed, and all the summer laughed;
But just before the snows
There came a purple creature
That ravished all the hill;
And summer hid her forehead,
And mockery was still.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

"SLEEP, LITTLE SONNY."

A FATHER'S LULLABY.

Sleep, little Sonny, on Daddy's strong arm,
Cozy and close to the heartbeats warm;
Tiny hands stray to caress Daddy's cheek,
Baby voice prattles words stranger than Greek.

What shall I sing to my tired little boy?
Tell me, small critic, what would you enjoy?
"Rockaby Baby" or "Wotan's Farewell"?
Daddy sings everything—equally well.

Slowly the eager blue eyes melt away,
Two little sunsets at closing of day;
Come, little fairies, and play 'round my boy,
Whisper sweet dreams of your other-world joy.

Ariel, sing him your daintiest songs,
Billy Boy still to the fairies belongs;
Bear him back safe from your islands of bliss;
Waking, he brings some of your world to this.

The Ladies Home Journal. —*C. L. Marsh.*

Newspaper News

Twenty years ago big city newspapers regarded a hanging as the most important news of their day. Elaborate preparations were made to cover the event with the greatest possible wealth of ghastly detail. In the early morning hours messenger boys rushed back and forth between busily writing reporters in the jail, and the newspaper office.

When the trap was sprung the city editor sat with his ear at the telephone and his nerves as taut as a pointing dog's, ready to rush an extra to the street three minutes ahead of his livest rival. If he were three minutes behind he felt forever disgraced.

The current apology was that a hanging was most important news, in which the public was profoundly interested; and because the newspapers had been whetting the public's curiosity for a month beforehand the public was more or less interested.

Nowadays in your metropolitan paper you see only brief mention of a hanging—if you see any mention at all. The papers have found other news to give their readers and their circulation grows. Any newspaper gives its readers only a minute fraction of the interesting and important happenings of the day. Out of twenty events it selects one. As to three-fourths of its contents, what it shall select depends much more on itself than on the public.

Twenty years hence leading newspapers will feel no more bound to print the details of a nasty divorce case than they now feel bound to print the details of a hanging. Private scandals will be as briefly mentioned as executions—if mentioned at all. They will give their readers other news and have more readers than they now have.

Saturday Evening Post.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Of all the things the clock can say,
The one I do not like
Is "Eight O'Clock," that, twice a day,
The clocks and bells all strike.

For Eight is "Time-for-School," you know,
And Eight is "Time-for-Bed;"
And when it strikes, you have to go—
There's nothing to be said.

Sometimes it's "Circuses" at Two,
And sometimes "Matinee,"
And Three O'Clock is "School-is-Through,"
And Four O'Clock is "Play,"

And Five O'Clock, and Nine, and Ten,
Eleven O'Clock and One,
Why, nice "Perhaps-Things" happen then—
("Perhaps" is always fun).

And Twelve and Six go very fast,
With "Things-upon-a-Plate,"
But soon as Seven hurries past,
You hear the clock strike Eight!

So when I'm grown and have my say,
And help to make things go,
I'm going to take the "Eight" away
From every clock I know!

St. Nicholas. —*Margaret Widdemer.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TOWER HILL NOTES

The past week at Tower Hill has been without exciting events, but full of the simple rural pleasures and mild intellectual activities of nature, poetry and Bible study which all who come here look for. Visitors have come and gone, equally welcomed and regretted. Everyone here seems to be having a thoroughly good time. It seems unfortunate that we are not sharing with more of the city folks the comfortable quarters, the excellent meals, the happy social mornings of class and lecture, the long, lazy afternoons of reading and napping and the happy-family evenings around the lamp-lit table with the music of poets in our ears. We like this opportunity to become well acquainted with each other, and feel all the more ready to welcome the new comers driftly slowly into our circle.

The nature-study class has been concentrating more or less on trees, and many and heated are the arguments as to whether a given patriarch of the woods belongs to the Red, Black or Scarlet tribe of oaks. The members of this class are keenly alive to all about them and zealous in searching for specimens. One of our hottest days they tramped far along the soft, sandy roads to a mosquito-infested swamp in quest of rare ferns. One day consternation broke forth among Miss McMinn's usually well ordered pupils when our choicest specimen, a bat, escaped in Emerson Pavilion. Some of the more fearful fled outside and received the remainder of the lesson with noses pressed against the wire screening.

The lectures on the Apocrypha are well attended. They are undoubtedly arousing fresh interest in Old Testament history and causing our admiration for the grand Hebraic style of poetry to grow.

Mr. Jones is trying the plan for the Tuesday and Thursday evenings of poetry, namely, that of reading the works of one poet through from cover to cover. That poet is Walt Whitman. We all acknowledge that there must be rhythm in his lines, for this reader finds and expresses it. Whether we, alone, could find it is another matter. Perhaps some of the listeners will be converted. Certainly, those who already appreciate Whitman are having feasts of enjoyment these evenings.

After supper Monday evening we had a gay time dancing. We wound up with the old Virginia reel, Mr. Jones calling out directions, and did not get to bed until the unseemly hour of nine-thirty.

Sunday evening vespers is not to be forgotten. Along with the service of worship, Mr. Harder sang sweetly for us and our own bearded prophet read sonorously from Whittier of

"The bearded prophets by the sea."

GALE GOSSETT.

A HERO

One hardly knows whether his whole life or the final act in that brief drama were the more heroic. This is the story of a man who learned to read after he was twenty-one years of age. Countless other men have done the same thing, you say. Yes, and they are all heroes! Why he finally came to himself and wanted an education, I do not know. It may have been due to the age in which he was living; it may have occurred to him that with an education he could earn more and perhaps be more useful; or it may have been Miss Ellen Crehore and Mrs. Peterson and Miss Abby Clapp, with their school at Shelter Neck, N. C. Perhaps it was the result of all these influences working together. I am sure that he once told me he could not get a job as locomotive engineer because an engineer must read his own orders. He could run the engine, but the orders—there was the rub. So he sat at the feet of these good women and learned his A B C's, and then came to Camp Hill, Ala.

He was an accomplished blacksmith, and the buggies and two-seaters we use at the schools were made from old vehicles thrown away. He found them and made them as good as new; so with the drays, and heavy trucks, and carts; so also with our farming implements, most of them. Then he was quick to pick up plumbing and our new water system, and he did so much work on it; and in the erection of our buildings he was a finished carpenter. In all his work he preferred the hardest and most difficult job. He could scale any height and find joy in it. No day was ever too long for him, and, if a night-shift was needed, he would be the first to volunteer. Suppose it was a well that was being dug, and progress could be made only by digging night and day, because of the shifting, caving sides. Into the yawning abyss this man would be found, leading and heartening the night-shift that was with him. In the morning at chapel services he would be found, his uniform spotless and his linen immaculate. I never knew him to do a mean thing. His heart was pure, and his hands, delicate as any woman's, were clean. He was no shirk, and would sometimes say to me that a boy who would steal time might as well steal money. He was not a tell-tale, as we use the term, but again and again he would come to me and tell me what was going on. For this reason he was not always popular, but, now that he is gone, I know what the students of the school will say. How they will love him, and how extravagant their praises will be!

But it was difficult for him to master his books. He learned geography because his lessons were read to him from day to day. He had mastered most of his arithmetic and some algebra, but his reading—this was hard. His English and history had small message for him, therefore.

Many obstacles came in his way while at Camp Hill. He was always poor, and he had a long illness, but his spirit was never broken. After three or four years of trial, he decided to go to see his widowed mother and give up further effort in the school. This was last winter. After less than a month at home the old longing came back to him, and he appealed to be taken back this fall. He could not be satisfied; he must return to Camp Hill and try it again.

His appeals I had answered, and he was to be with us in the autumn. To earn money he was working in a logging camp, and operated what is known as a skidder—a machine for hauling logs out of wet and swampy places. On June 29 something went wrong with the machine. Our hero saw that his helper was in danger of his life and threw himself in his place. The helper will recover, but our boy is gone. Asa Sears will never be forgotten at Shelter Neck nor at Camp Hill. His education, at his going, was faulty; but he had what many of us have not, a character as upright and downright as that of any man that ever lived.

—*Lyman Ward.*

The Christian Register.

UNITY FILES

A notice printed in these columns in a recent issue offering a complete file of UNITY from May, 1893, to March, 1902, has brought a request from the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., for the files from March 4, 1897, to March, 1902. This will complete the set of UNITY in that great library from 1893 to date with a "considerable part of the numbers issued prior to that date." This will still leave in the hands of our Rochester subscriber the files from May, 1893, to

March 4, 1897. Doubtless there are other librarians who would be glad of these four years to help complete their files. Those reading this notice will do well to speak to their home librarian. UNITY has been hoarded by many careful readers and perhaps other careful librarians may enrich their files by asking through these columns.

ITEMS FROM WALES.

Speaking at Carmarthen College, last week, Professor Stephens said that we were coming to realize that the only remedy for the great unrest of the age was religion. Religion is the only cure because religion alone goes to the root of things.

Mr. John Lewis, the Mayor of Carmarthen, advised the students of the Presbyterian College there, above all to strive to be men. "We must have men in the pulpits whom we can look up to," he declared. True, for the ministers of religion are the real leaders of the people; and if we have good leaders we have something to follow.

It was at Llangenderyn, near Carmarthen, exactly ninety-nine years ago tomorrow, as our Unitarian Kalendar shows, that Dr. Prior Estlin preached his famous sermon in reply to the then Bishop of St. David's attack upon Unitarianism. The occasion was the annual meeting of the Welsh Unitarian Society. Opposition to our free faith was apparently as bitter then as it is now—certainly more general. Those good friends who sometimes tell us that a little more persecution would do us no harm have history on their side.

For in former times our faith seems to have flourished in proportion to the bitterness with which it was assailed. Thus it was stated in the report presented at the meeting referred to that the writings of Bishop Burgess had rendered "no inconsiderable service to the new Unitarian Society at Carmarthen." In this connection it is of interest to note also that at the same meeting it was "resolved to take six pounds' worth of Wright's Essay on the Supremacy of the Father, translated into Welsh by Mr. Morgan, a schoolmaster at Merthyr Tydfil." The Unitarian giants of those days believed in the dissemination of good literature.—*The Christian Life*, London.

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THE Biennial Conference of Friends (Liberal) comprising seven Yearly Meetings, will be held in Saratoga, N. Y., beginning Wednesday, Ninth month 2nd, at 2:30 P. M. The sessions, which will be held morning and evening in Convention Hall, will be open to all who care to attend. One or more periods each day will be set aside for Round Tables, which are also open to the public. The afternoons will be given over to recreation.

Some of the features of the program are: Addresses of Welcome, by officials of Saratoga; response by the chairman, Dr. O. Edward Janney. Address by Henry W. Wilbur, "The Spirit That Should Guide Us." One of the Educational sessions will be addressed by Dr. David Snedden, Massachusetts Commissioner of Education. Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck will portray "A Child-Centered Religious Education." Rural Welfare, by George T. Powell, of New York, and Prof. James E. Robertson, Ottawa, Ont. Child Welfare, Hastings H. Hart, a director of Russell Sage Foundation. Woman Suffrage, Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt and Mrs. Hannah Clothier Hull.

For full program write to
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LIBERAL RELIGIOUS LITERATURE

The undersigned will be glad to send to inquirers free tracts, pamphlets and other printed matter as may be available, to those who are interested in knowing more of that religious movement that takes the name Unitarian or kindred titles.

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